

FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.]

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WHOLE NO. 228.

NOTICES.
Two Dollars for one year if paid at the time of subscription; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, without deviation after the expiration of three months.
All bills for advertisements, Job-Work, or Subscriptions, considered due, when contracted, except against those with whom we have running accounts.
Subscribers failing to order a discontinuance of the paper, at the expiration of the time for which they may have subscribed, are considered as wishing to renew, and it will be continued to them accordingly.
No paper will be sent out of the county unless paid for in advance.
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Twelve Lines or Less, for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.
Persons advertising by the year, will be charged Thirty Dollars for a whole column, Twenty Dollars for one-half, Ten Dollars for one-quarter. No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.
The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own advertisements, and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.
Announcing candidates Three Dollars to be paid in advance in every case.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.
No advertisement can be inserted gratuitously.
Advertisements of a personal nature, invariably charged double price.
Job Printing, of all kinds, neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up—except at the option of the Publisher.

GLEANNINGS FROM PAPERS, With Editorial Sprinklings.

"Not to be used on the Premises."
—At a fashionable drug store on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, a gentleman recently purchased some cigars, and was beginning to smoke one of them, when his eye caught a notice—"Smoking not allowed in the store." "Well," he exclaimed, addressing the druggist, "that is a pretty joke; you sell a fellow cigars, and then won't let him smoke them."—"Yes," replied the druggist, "and I sell emetics too, but I don't intend to have them taken in the store."

The Prussian government has received positive information from St. Petersburg, that the effective army of Russia amounts, at the present time, to 650,000 men. Of this force, it is ascertained that there are 140,000 in the Crimea, and that already General Luders and Gen. Grabbe—the former with 80,000, the latter with 90,000—are advancing to the relief of the garrison of Sebastopol by forced marches.

FIRES FOR ONE MONTH.—The destruction by fires in the United States during the month of July, according to accounts furnished to newspapers, amount to \$1,500,000, which is about the usual average. Fires were not large in number, as there were but twenty, but immensely valuable manufacturing property was burnt at Hadley Falls, Manchester, and Lowell, besides hotel property in New Orleans.

Lynn is not more famous for shoes than Troy, N. Y., is for collars and bosoms. There are fifteen of these establishments in Troy, and it is estimated that they turn out an average of 50,000 collars per day. One establishment employs forty sewing machines, worked by as many young women, who easily turn off fifteen dozen per day, and it is said that they can readily earn from \$9 to \$10 per week.

A "LADY" BURGLAR.—At Springfield, Erie county, New York, recently, a young lady, both young and pretty, broke into the house of Joseph Hopkins, and robbed it of \$110 in cash. She subsequently betrayed herself by offering one of the stolen bills in payment for gewgaws.

The Pittsburg Times, the Know Nothing organ at that place, is bitterly opposed to the formation of a Republican party in that State, and begs its freesoil brethren to desist, assuring them the Know Nothing party is sufficiently abolition "for all abolition purposes."

Of the members of the Legislature of Kansas, now in session, 11 are from Kentucky, 7 from Virginia, and 4 from Tennessee. The Speaker is a Virginian, the chief clerk a Kentuckian, and the assistant and enrolling clerks Tennesseans.

Reading for the Ladies.

FLORENCE EMERSON: Or, the Young Widow.

"Florence!" cried Jessie Lawson, bursting into her cousin's boudoir, one morning—"Florence Emerson, Harry says you are engaged to George Langford!"

"Well, cousin, if I were, have you any objections?"

"Objections! why, Floy, he is old enough!"

"Just thirty-nine, cousin Jessie."

"Thirty-nine, and a widower with two children. But it is a mistake of Harry's; you are not really going to marry him, are you?"

"I expect so," said Florence, quietly.

"Well, I give you up. You, Florence Emerson, the belle of the season, with a large fortune; you, the beauty and heiress, with lovers, beaux, offers without end or number, to throw yourself away upon a poor widower with two children, and no fortune except in his profession. Oh! Floy, I thought you had more sense. What are you thinking of?"

"Why, Jessie, you are wasting your eloquence. George Langford is handsome."

"Granted."

"Talented."

"Granted, again."

"He loves me."

"So do fifty others."

"And lastly of all, my strongest argument, I love him."

"Well, I suppose you will marry him in spite of all my disapproval, so I wish you joy, and hope he'll never hold up Mrs. Langford first as a pattern to Mrs. Langford second."

"If Mrs. Langford first was a model for me, I will follow in her footsteps."

"Well, well, there's one comfort."

Willie and Edith are very pretty children, and too young to rebel at a new mamma, I believe. How old are they exactly, Floy?"

"Willie is four, Edith three."

"Keep you busy, the care of two such babies."

Florence Emerson and Jessie Lawson were cousins, and had, until Jessie's marriage, been almost like sisters. Jessie, who was two years the elder, was a gay, lively blonde, vain and pretty. Florence was a tall, stately beauty, with large dark eyes, black hair, and features, like a Greek statue. She was an orphan, and, as Jessie said, an heiress.

George Langford was a lawyer of some standing. Handsome, talented, but grave and quiet in his manners; devotedly attached to Florence, but he was thirty-nine, and a widower. Jessie's sentiments were echoed by all Florence's circle of friends when her engagement was known. She so beautiful, young, talented and wealthy. She always was different from other girls, they said. So, after a few days the matter ceased to be discussed, and some new wonder of the fashionable world took its place.

Florence had been married just two years, when it became necessary for Mr. Langford to go to Paris; his stay was to be very short, so he concluded not to take Florence. She was fond of home, had won the love of both children, and in return loved them fondly, and with their society, home duties, and a promised visit to Jessie, thought the time of her husband's absence might be made to pass pleasantly. But when the hour of departure came, when his trunk stood waiting in the hall, and he came to say farewell, the whole aspect of things seemed changed. Florence felt her dearest treasure was leaving her; all looked dark, and a vague presentiment of evil filled her soul.

"Why, Florence, you are as white as a corpse," cried George, in a frightened tone. "I thought you had arranged gayeties without number to occupy you while your grave old husband was away. Cheer up, Floy; I shall be gone only a short time."

"Oh, George, I did not realize it till now. What can I do without you?"

"You will visit Jessie, take Willie and Edith into the country, and—oh, you had a whole list of pleasures

arranged. The carriage is here. Good-by, Florence."

Florence tried to speak, but the words died on her lips. She grasped his hand, while her eyes filled with tears, and then let him go.

All her pleasures were forgotten as she watched the carriage rolling from the door, and she only remembered how lonely she would be without him. She looked back upon two years of such perfect happiness, that it seemed less like reality than a pleasant dream. Long she stood at the window watching, as if she expected him to return, but the voices of the children roused her, and she stifled her own grief, and went to amuse and comfort them. Willie thought papa was 'real unkind' not to take them; while Edith clung close to Florence, and hoped that papa would be safe on the 'deep water.'

Jessie Lawson and Florence Langford were seated in the piazza of the pleasant country house they had hired for the season, conversing. Edith and Willie were romping with Rover on the grass, while ever and anon their clear, joyous laughter would make the ladies turn and smile.

"I forgive you now, Floy, for marrying George," said Jessie, fondly. "Could I have looked into the future, I should have done just as you did."

At that instant Jessie felt a hand laid on her shoulder, and looking up, saw her husband; his face was very grave, and his whole manner betokened that something serious had troubled him.

"Jessie," he said, in a low tone, "come into the parlor; I want to speak with you."

"He is jealous," whispered Jessie to Florence as she rose to obey. "Now for a matrimonial lecture."

"Close the door, Jessie," said Henry, when they entered the parlor. "I do not wish Florence to hear what I have to say now. Poor Floy! we must break it gently to her!"

"Why, Harry, what is the matter?"

"Yes. The Eagle, the vessel he sailed in was wrecked, and but a few escaped; a vessel going to Calcutta took a few of the passengers, but the rest were lost. George Langford's name is among the missing."

Harry had forgotten the open window, and was startled to see Florence now standing in front of it. She was cold and pale as marble, her hands were tightly clenched, her teeth set, and her whole frame rigid and motionless. Harry sprang to her side, and took her hand to lead her in. The touch broke her stupor, and, with a single shudder, she fell fainting to the ground.

For weeks, Florence Langford lay between life and death; fever and delirium succeeded her death-like trance, and her life was despaired of. A strong constitution, however, triumphed, and she recovered; but oh, how altered! The pale, thin face, seen now under a close widow's cap, was so wan and sad that few would have recognized the once blooming Florence.

Her sole comfort, now, seemed to be in the children, her children. She would hardly allow them out of her sight, and her whole time was spent in instructing and amusing them.

Florence Langford had been a widow just one year. It was a bright summer's day, and she sat in the same little parlor where she had first heard of her husband's loss. Willie and Edith were seated on the floor besides her blowing soap-bubbles. Florence sat watching their innocent delight as the sun shone on the pretty globes, and reflected prismatic colors in them, and then her thoughts flew back over the last three years; sadder and sadder grew the pale face, until Willie noticed it, and leaving his play, went softly to her side; Edith knelt beside him, with her face laid caressingly against Florence's hand.

"Tell us about papa," whispered Willie. "When is papa coming back?"

asked Edith. "Hestays so long."

"Hush, Edith," said Willie. "Papa can never come back; he is dead."

But Edith shook her head. She had always maintained that, as 'papa'

went away in a carriage, and said he would come back and bring them pretty toys from Paris, he could not be dead.

Florence drew Edith upon her lap and throwing her arm round Willie, the three talked about papa for an hour; how much longer they would have remained in this position I cannot tell. Jessie interrupted them; her whole face was gleaming with joy.

"Floy!" she whispered, kneeling on the stool at her cousin's feet, and unttying her cap, 'take this off for a minute.'

"Why, Jessie?" asked Florence, suffering her to remove it.

"Because it is stiff and unbecoming," said Jessie, who was loosening Floy's hair, and twisting it over her fingers into old curls. 'You must never wear it again.'

"Dear Jessie, give it back to me—I shall always wear it."

"But I say you shall never put it on again, dear Florence; a widow's cap is needless now."

"Jessie," cried Florence, starting up and looking eagerly into her cousin's face, while she trembled violently, 'what do you mean?'

"Can you bear the best of news, Floy?" said Jessie, softly. "George"—

Jessie in answer threw open the door, and said gaily, 'come in,' and in another moment Florence was in her husband's arms, and the two children were looking in a kind of joyful astonishment at their father.

All was soon explained. George Langford had been among the passengers taken to Calcutta, and had from some mistake of the reporters been put in the list of missing. Cold and exposure had brought on an attack of brain fever, and he had been very ill. As soon as he was able, he had started for home, but the voyage had been several months; and, after reaching England, he was detained some days before starting for America. He was there at last, and a happier party never met than the one that evening at Oak Lodge, Mr. Lawson's country seat.

Let Southern Men Remember

That every man in Congress from the North who voted for the repeal of the degrading Missouri line was a Democrat.

That every member of Congress from the North who is not now opposed to the repeal is a Democrat.

That the President who signed the bill, bringing upon his head a torrent of bitter abuse from the entire abolition party at the North, is a Democrat.

That every man the Know Nothings have elected to Congress from the North, without exception, is a freesoiler, and many of them the bitterest, meanest Abolitionists in the United States.

That not a Know Nothing Council North has opposed the repeal of the Kansas bill, but all demand it, and that the organization is exclusively in the hands of the most angry fanatics.

A writer on giants says that the exact height of Og, King of Bashan, has been variously computed, some supposing him to have been more than twelve English feet, while others think his stature did not exceed eleven feet. In like manner, the giant Goliath, of Scripture, is generally computed to have been about nine feet nine inches, but commentators have supposed he might have been full eleven feet high.—Turner, the naturalist, declares that he saw on the Brazil coast a race of gigantic savages, one of whom measured twelve feet. In a description of America, by M. Thebet, published in 1575, he asserts that he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American, which was eleven feet five inches in length. His skull was three feet one inch in circumference, and the leg bones full three feet four inches long.

A lady observing one day, that Garrick had an eye fit to penetrate a deal board, a German musician remarked, "O, yes, he understands what we call a gimblet eye."

A Methodist Conference has lately been organized in the Sandwich Islands, in connection with one of the General Conferences in this country.

Choice Poetry.

Slowly Evening Shades are Closing.

Slowly evening's shades are closing,
Over all below reposing,
Hill and dale, and meadow sloping,
Gently sloping to the seas;
Shepherds with their flocks are wending,
As soft twilight tints are blending,
With their flocks and herds returning—
Wending slowly o'er the lea.

See the swallow lowly flying,
As the summer day is dying,
Gently skimming lake and streamlet,
Searching for her evening food;
And the owl, as day is closing,
After tranquilly reposing,
Waking from his quiet slumber,
Loudly calls throughout the wood.

Soon the silver lamp of heaven—
To illumine this dark earth given—
Slowly rising, moveth onward,
Sailing through the vault on high.
Silence reigneth o'er all,
Night's majestic orb all,
As you orb of light descends,
Enshrouds the earth, and sea, and sky.

But, when our brief span is finished,
And our star's faint light diminished,
Evening casting deepening shadows
Over life's declining way—
May an angel's wing protect us,
And a father's love direct us,
Granting us an endless rest,
In mansions of eternal day.

Thou Hast Wounded the Spirit.

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee
And cherished thine image for years—
Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee,
In secret, in silence, and tears.
As a young bird, when left by its mother,
Its earliest pinions to try,
Round the nest will still lingering hover,
Ere its trembling wings can fly.

Thus we're taught in this cold world to smother

Each feeling that once was so dear;
Like that yoreg bird, I'll seek to discover
A home of affection elsewhere.
Thou'lt heart may still cling to these fondly,
And dream of sweet memories past,
Yet hope like the rainbow of summer,
Gives a promise of Lethal at last.

The Husband's Wife.

'Twas on a chilly winter's day,
As Edward sat before the fire,
To listen to Nina's plaintive lay,
Performed to music of the lyre.

"Dear Nina," Edward gently said,
"I vow your strain's most sweetly sad,
But give me something in its stead,
Will make a loving heart feel glad."

Then in his face looked Edward's wife,
And softly said, with joyful bliss,
"I understand, my love—my life—
You wish—I'll give you—a kiss."

JORDAN.

The Jordan, that celebrated river of Palestine, the only considerable one in the country, rises in Mount Hermon, passes through lakes Hermon and Genezareth, thus flowing almost due south, through an extensive plain, till, passing to the east of Jericho, it flows into the Dead Sea. Near Jericho it is deep and very rapid, wider than the Tiber, at Rome. Its length is about 150 miles. The banks are steep, about fifteen feet high, so that it is difficult to bathe in it; which, however, curiosity or superstition impels almost every pilgrim to do; some vainly imagining it cleanses them from all sin. 'I had surveyed,' says Chateaubriand, 'the great rivers of America, with that pleasure which solitude and nature impart; I had visited the Tiber with enthusiasm, and sought with the same interest the Euphrates and Cephissus; but I cannot express what I felt at the sight of the Jordan. Not only did this river remind me of a renowned antiquity, and one of the most celebrated names that the most exquisite poetry ever confided to the memory of man, but its shores likewise presented to my view the theatre of the miracles of my religion. Judea is the only country in the world that revives in the traveler the memory of human affairs and of celestial things, and which, by this combination, produces in the soul a feeling which no other region is capable of exciting.'

All the prisoners in the Macon (Ga.) jail, ten in number, escaped last week, by knocking down and tying the jailer.

Asleep on a Rattlesnake Den.

A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, writing from Paoli, Kansas Territory, on the 17th of June, relates the following incident of his own personal experience:

On last Sunday evening the air was so bewitchingly balmy, and the sky so softly veiled by shadowy clouds, that I was seduced into a lengthened stroll along the bluffs, which proudly aspire to overlook the umbrageous woodlands on the one side, and the sunlit plains upon the other, until I reached an elevated pinnacle, so tall as to command a panoramic view, whose picturesque and varied beauties ravished all my senses, and lost me in most dreamy reveries.

I reclined upon the summit of the rock with my head upon my hand, until presently it rolled away upon the cushion of a springy moss, which grew like an emerald diadem, and I was locked in the strange slumber which leaves you semi-conscious, and yet restrains volition. I had lain thus several minutes, with my left arm stretched to its extent, when, at the extremities of the fingers of that hand, there was a sensation new and peculiar, that sent a thrill of pleasure to the mind and heart; it was soothing, drawing, and agreeably titillating, as if the fingers were dissolving away in a delightful self-absorption. Just then, from this sort of blissful abandon, I was startled by the report of a gun, shot within a few paces of me. I sprang to my feet, and, with astonishment, saw my friend Mitchell, standing near and gazing at me with a fixed look of ghastly horror. Before I could enquire what he meant, my attention was caught by the sound of the most shrill, keen, ringing rattle that ever penetrated human ear; and, on looking down I discovered a huge rattlesnake with gory head, quivering and wreathing in the agonies of death, and sending forth from his erect tail the terrible toxin that I heard.

From his fearful proximity I began to realize my position, but not until I heard an explanation from M. could I fully understand and appreciate its horrors. He told me that my resting place was the top of a rattlesnake den, and pointed out the orifices through which they passed; that he was in the habit of coming there on Sunday evenings to shoot rattlesnakes; that when he approached that evening, and saw me lying upon the den, he supposed I had been bitten and was dead; that he had crept near, and saw my respiration, and knew I was alive, but discovered a monstrous snake licking my hand, and covering it with a slimy coating, preparatory to deglutition; that he made a slight, involuntary shudder, exclaiming of my God which drew the snake's attention, and caused him to turn his head, when he discharged a load of buckshot into his face and neck, mangle and tearing them to pieces, and thus saved my life. He had scarcely told me this, which took but a moment, when rattles all around brought us to a recollection that we were not yet free from danger. We saw ten or fifteen large rattlesnakes approaching us from every quarter, with eyes glaring revengefully, barbed tongues thrusting threateningly, and rattles sounding alarmingly. They are brave, and cannot be intimidated, and will die over the dead body of their companion sooner than desert it. We knew the indomitable character of our enemy, and M. and I, with his double-barreled gun, and my sticks and stones, fought our way out as best we could. You may imagine that my nerves were slightly agitated that evening, and that I dreamed of snakes that night. M. has killed one hundred and seventy of them—the largest of which had twenty-six rattles. He says the Indians, who have been in the habit of hunting them for many years, have killed much older ones, and have slain thousands.

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Old Line Whigs.

In the great triumph recently achieved in our State, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to that portion of the old line Whigs who refused to bow down to the mandates of the dark-lantern party. The great body of the Whigs had gone into the Know Nothing organization, and were evidently controlling its destinies; but in doing so they had abandoned every principle of their former organization, and were seeking power by trampling under foot all the teachings and doctrines of their former leaders. The Whigs who stood out against this wholesale transfer of their party to the new organization, have the proud consciousness that they maintained their dignity and preserved their consistency, and though forced by circumstances to act with an ancient foe, they felt that it was better to support a generous enemy, fighting upon principle, than a pretended friend who acknowledged no principle but the power of office, and made war upon everything that is sacred in the past history of our government.—Columbia Herald.

A REMARKABLE MAN.—The Boston (Mass.) Times says: "There is a gentleman residing in this city, who came here twenty-three years ago from England, and brought with him some three hundred guineas of his own hard earning, with which he commenced business as a grocer on a small scale. Little by little he increased his trade, and at the present time he is probably worth more than any other man in Massachusetts in the same line of business. During the period of twenty-three years, he never gave a note of hand or took one; he never sued a man and never was sued himself, nor ever called to the witness stand in any court during the whole period. He never was naturalized, and of course never voted, although he has paid thousands of dollars for State and county taxes. He has been known to buy a cargo of West India goods amounting to \$90,000, for which he paid cash on delivery. He never deals in or drinks intoxicating liquors; never gives a dollar for any charitable purpose where he thinks his name will appear in the newspapers; although he has distributed thousands to the distress of his fellow-men."

HEALTH AND LIGHT SUPPERS.—One of the greatest secrets of health is a light supper, and yet it is a great self-denial when one is hungry and tired at the close of the day, to eat little or nothing. Let such a one take leisurely a single cup of tea and a piece of cold bread with butter, and he will leave the table as fully pleased with himself and all the world, as if he had eaten a hearty meal, and be tenfold better for it the next morning. Take any two men under similar circumstances, strong, hard working men, of twenty-five years; let one take his bread and butter with a cup of tea, and the other a hearty meal of meat, bread, potatoes, and the ordinary eatables, as the last meal of the day, and I will venture to affirm, that the tea drinker will outlive the other many years.

"No use of my trying to collect that bill, sir," said a collector to his employer, handing the dishonored document to the latter. "Why?" "The man who should pay it is *non est*." "Then take it and collect it, sir." An honest man will not fail to meet his obligation.

The Winsted Herald, Conn., says that the Rev. Mr. Eddy, of Canaan, is reported at the close of his services last Sunday morning to have advised such of his congregation as had hayed out, to "go to work and get it in, for it looked likely to rain."

Among the toasts at the celebration of the Fourth in Orangeburg, S. C., was the following:

By Dr. Lucius Bellingham—"George Law and the Fugitive Slave Law—the speedy execution of them both."